The Last of the Germans at the Court of St. James, page 2010.

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"AND THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME."

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

No More Germans at the Court of St. James.

When the late Signor de Martino died, I pointed out in these columns that King George did not propose to fill the Signor's job of "Marine Painter to the King"—not, as some absurd person suggested, because there wasn't a sea-painter in Britain good enough, but simply because the Marine Painter-ship was a job originally created to please an ambitious German, and, with the passing of the Hanoverians, that effort came to an end. It is true that King Edward, the first of our Saxe-Coburg monarchs, was not so anxious to fire the Germans out as is his son; but then, King Edward was the son of a worthy German prince, and all his life he had imbibed German lore and tradition. However, the days of the Germans are certainly over under King George, nor is this fact in any way due to the war. By no means.

* * *

How the Germans Became Such Idols of London Society.

Queen Victoria had a German mother from Coburg, hence she was born with strong German predilections. So would any of us be in the same circumstances. They found her a truly noble and gentle husband, also from Coburg, and if the old Queen was rather slavish in her devotion to everything German—well, she was only a woman, and a woman never separates her mental purview from the sentiments dictated by her heart. Hence it fell out that art, literature, and everything else under Queen Victoria had a strong German leaven.

And her German courtiers were also skilful flatterers. When a statue of a Royal personage had to be done, only a German sculptor (Sir Edgar Boehm, for instance) could do it with the appropriate magnificence. When a State Painter had to be appointed, only a German had a chance with the dear old Lady of Windsor Castle. And when it came to music—well, a composer who didn't call himself "Herr" wouldn't have got a *look*, let alone a job at Court. Even the old Queen's Jubilee coins had to be designed by a German!

* * *

The Last of the Germans.

I am reminded of all these now unpleasant facts by the passing of absolutely the last of these old-time German hucksters at the Court of St. James. Karl Haag was ninety-five, and it is over seventy years since he appeared in London art circles, and found himself one of the German pets of the Court of Albert of Coburg and Victoria Regina. Everybody who has read the Queen's "Journal of her Life in the Highlands" will remember that her Majesty had Karl with her to make drawings of the Scottish peaks for her book. Not so many, perhaps, know that this patronage of the obsessed Queen brought old Karl Haag sums for his drawings which were then simply ridiculous.

No More German-Worshippers amongst the Royalties.

He is a lucky artist who can get seven or eight hundred guineas for a water-colour as soon as it is painted, but Carl Haag got it easily enough, and it used to be whispered that his influence with her Majesty could get many other little things well worth oiling his palm for. However that may be, the foreigners have all now gone from the Court, and King George and Queen Mary do not hire German artists to paint them fishing in Ireland, ascending Highland mountains, or playing the bass fiddle amongst their children of an evening. Thank God, the day of German-worship amongst English Royalty and Society is over; at least, we hope so.

* * *

An Illicit "Love-Affair", a Romance and a Baby.

I was delighted to hear about Lady Vivian and her little son the other day. There is no personality in the peerage who more thoroughly deserves this crowning success in her short life's romance than the little lady whom I first met as Nancy Green, then a girl in short frocks and a big bow at the back of her neck; and who is even now little more than a flapper, yet has seen life in more phases than most women. Lord Vivian and his wife were the youngest couple to marry in recent times, yet they had both been through it before. Truth, they say, is stranger than fiction, and the Vivian romance is clear evidence of the veracity of that well-worn axiom. In the days when young Vivian's first wife was falling in love with the Squire from the Isle of Man (what time his Lordship was *on shikar* in Mombassa, or somewhere in that neighbourhood), Nancy Green was being courted by a dashing young subaltern who was heir to a baronetcy and some lucre.

* * *

"For Their Child's Sake!"

By the time Lord Vivian got back to Cairo, his wife had "made up her mind" about the Squire, and they all came home. There were scenes on the boat, and when Lady V. threatened to quit the ship at Marseilles, and go on a motoring tour through France with her Squire, Lord V., in the depth of his misery, did what few wearers of a coronet have ever done. He went straight to the Squire, and besought him to forego the contemplated trip, and save his wife's honour. The Squire agreed, and Lord and Lady Vivian arrived in Town. But their happiness was over; their domestic peace disrupted. Eventually her Ladyship, stamping her little foot, gave Lord V. his *congé* for ever. Months after, Lord V. again pleaded with his wife, "for their child's sake," but all to no purpose.

* * *

A Four-months' Honeymoon, and How It Ended.

Few men have ever behaved so heroically as Lord Vivian did during this painful period of his life. Love will wink at many faults, even when the lover is a British noble. His excellent up-bringing made of him one of England's unrecognised heroes, in a plight which would have found most men mad with chagrin, anger and spleen. Lord V. little knew then that Time had its revenges in store—and speedily. A friend of the Vivians was Adrian Rose, and by the time the parting came, Captain Rose had won Nancy Green for his wife, and no one sympathised with the Vivians in their troubles more than the Roses, whose dream of matrimony was also to be suddenly and rudely disrupted.

For within four months of her bridal day Mrs. Adrian Rose was an eighteen-year-old widow! She had, up till that moment, found life a bed of roses. Lady Rose had given her son (Nancy's hubby) £600 a year, and further supplies had come from his father, Sir Charles Rose, Bart. And when the captain's wife found herself a widow, none offered her tenderer condolences than Lord Vivian, whose side Nancy had taken in the other affair.

* * *

Lady Rose Makes a Song about Her Son's Marriage Settlement.

The romance was happily destined to be completed. By the time Mrs. Adrian Rose came of age in January,

1911, she had arranged to become the second Lady Vivian, so you can well imagine that no coming-of-age has been more wildly looked forward to. Three days after this event, Lord Vivian led her to the altar, and though the mother of the dear departed, Lady Rose, made a song about paying the amount of the settlement under the Rose marriage arrangement, Lord and Lady V. found that marriage *en secondes noces* was "a perfect dream!" Now the baby has come, and as it is a son all is well, and we sincerely wish the happy parents long life to bring it up to be as bright an ornament to British Society as are its charming and amiable parents.

* * *

The late Lord Worsley.

The Vivian baby, too, came just at the right time to buck up a household upon which the Shadow of Death had descended under peculiarly painful circumstances. Lord Vivian's sister is the wife of young Lord Worsley, who was killed some weeks ago, but of whom his parents, Lord and Lady Yarborough, repeatedly received messages to the effect that he was only captured, and was a prisoner-of-war. Their suspense for weeks was pitiable, and they even wrote letters to the papers to try and stop the reports of his death, in the belief that these reports were only founded on hearsay. However, the truth is now known. Lord Worsley died in Belgium under heroic conditions. Lord Vivian's other sister is, of course, the wife of the Royal favourite, General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., etc., who is to command one of the huge armies which are going to the war "in the Spring."

* * *

Shocking Fate of the Rose Family.

Incidentally, the fate of the Rose family was appalling. Captain Adrian Rose was the third of Sir Charles Rose's sons to die tragically, the other two having been killed in the South African War, and when, one Sunday afternoon in April two years ago, the worthy baronet went for a ride in his motor-car over to Hendon, and had a flight—his first and last—in air, his chauffeur found him dead in the car on his return to North Audley Street. Since then, I believe, the fourth son has been killed in the present war, and the Rose family, which hails from Canada, has been wiped out.

* * *

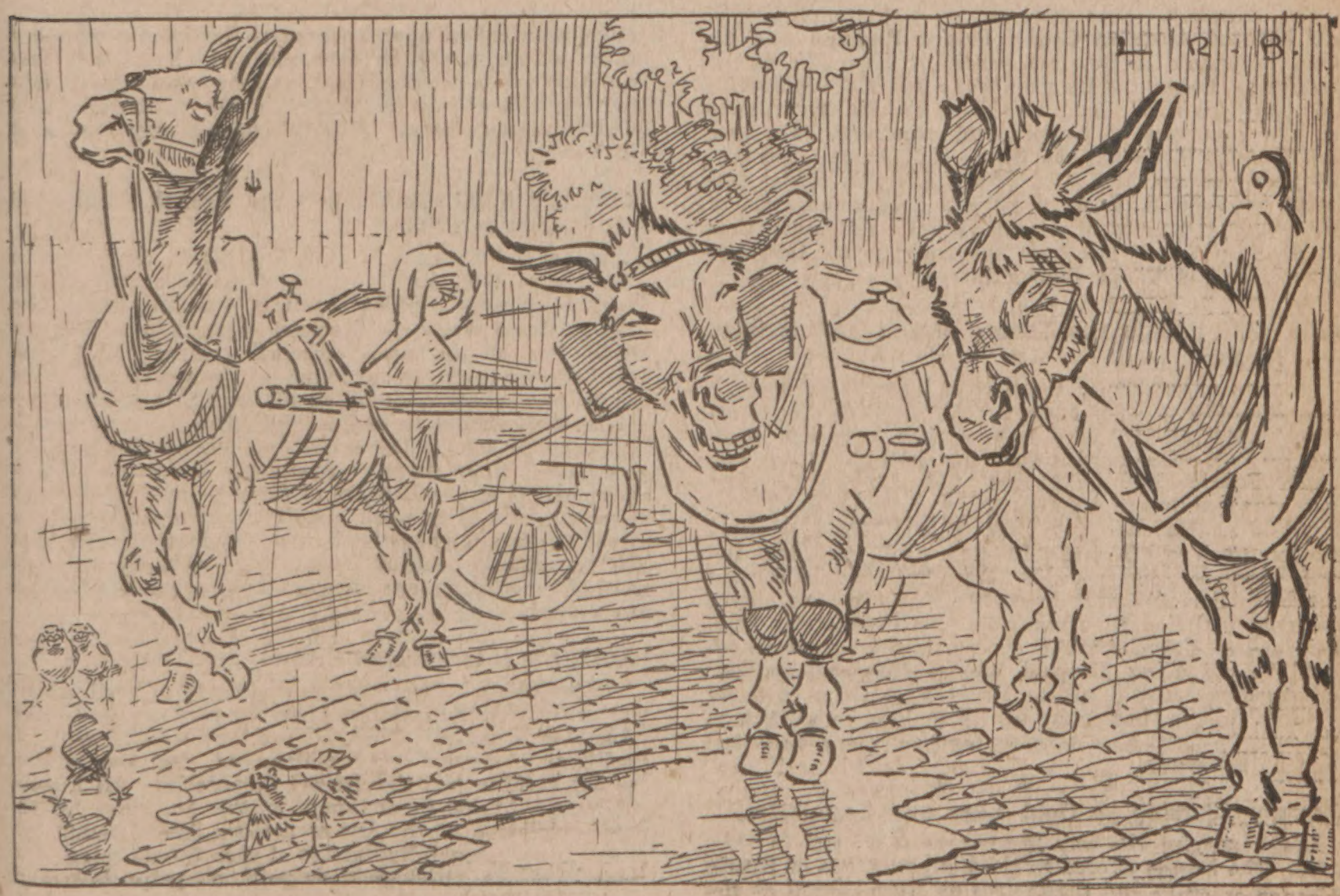
Finding a New King of the Belgians.

Some time ago I announced that when the Kaiser finally annexed Belgium the Crown Prince would probably be made first Hohenzollern King of the Belgians. That was a fact already anticipated in the highest circles, and but for an untoward circumstance it would have come off all right. But, to his intense annoyance, the Crown Prince found that there was an objector to his little plan for kingly glory. And the objector happened to be no other than Francis Joseph of Austria, who not only butted in with the strongest possible objection to a Hohenzollern taking this job, but had a candidate of his own "up his sleeve"! And at the moment it looks very much as if the old curmudgeon's man is going to be the new King in Brussels.

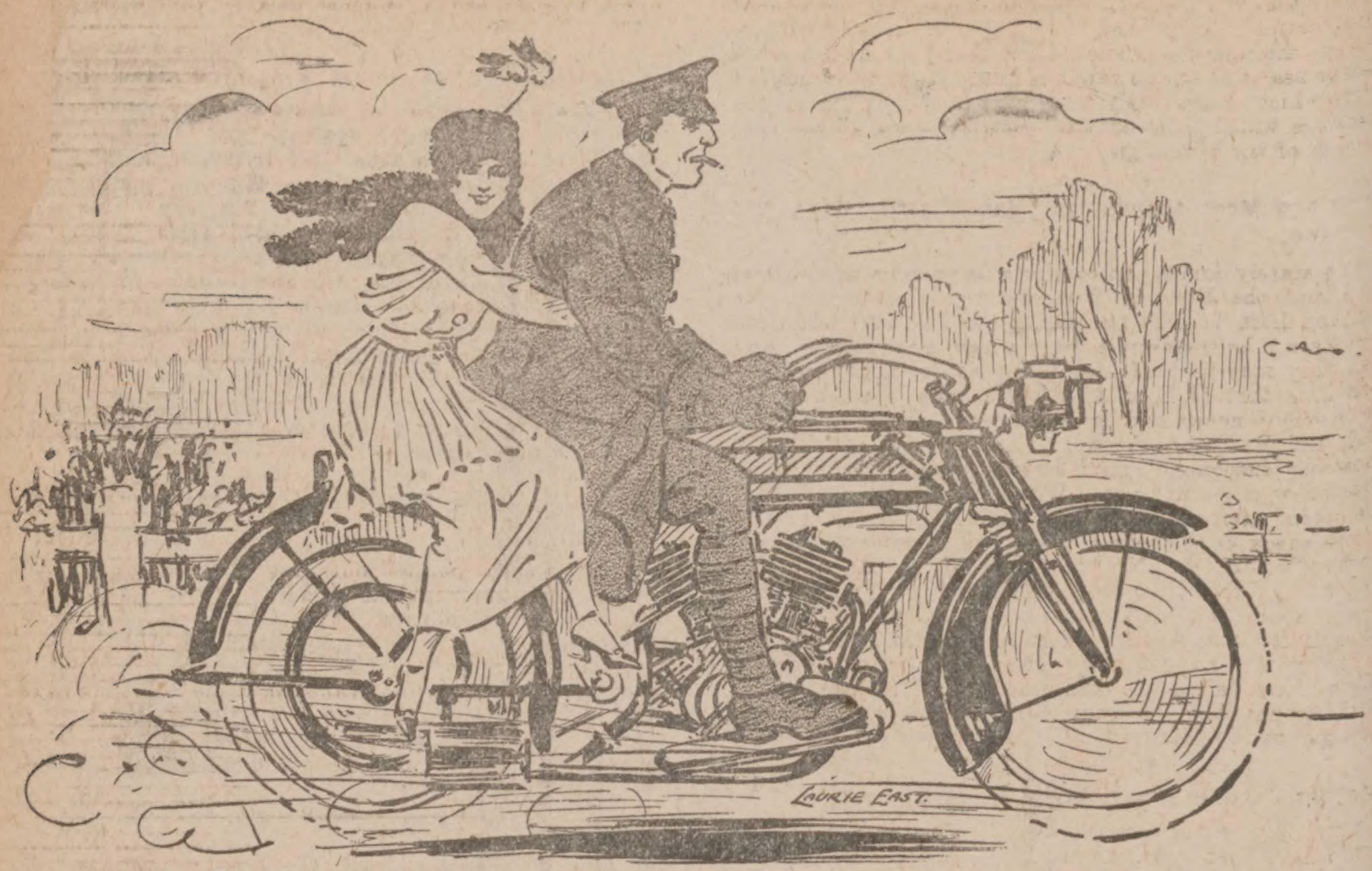
* * *

Romance Begins With Love, and Ends With a Throne.

And who do you think the new Belgian King is going to be? None other than that stalwart Hungarian Uhlan who some years ago became the object of the dog-like devotion of the old Emperor's favourite grandchild, and got the old man's permission to marry her. It was a romance which stirred Austria to the core, and Otto von Windisch-graetz now looks like going even one better still. He is going to be a king! And he is going to be a king with hereditary rights to the Belgian throne, too. So he is a power to be reckoned with.



The Camberwell Cuckoo: "Carrots ain't 'alf proud lately!"
The Houndsditch Humming Bird: "Yus! 'E's bin fair growin' too big for 'is 'arness ever since 'is Guv'nor renamed 'im 'Ostend Ypres'!"



O. H. M. S.

The One Blot Upon The House of Coburg.

The Windisch-graetz story begins with the parting of the ill-fated Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph and his wife, Stephanie of Belgium, old King Leopold's second daughter. Leopold of Belgium was a fanatic his ambition, and his three daughters were to him more pawns for the assurance of his personal greatness. He was, too, the one blot upon the House of Coburg. Anyway, everybody knows how Archduke Rudolph's body was found across that of Mary Vetsera in the gun-room of Meyerling a quarter of a century ago, and since then his Belgian widow has been for many years the morganatic wife of Count Elemer Lonyay.

* * *

Who Will Decide the Tenure of the New Belgian Throne?

She had one child by the heir of Austria-Hungary, a daughter, and this child became the Emperor's one consolation for all the hard knocks that Fate had dealt out to him. He could refuse her nothing. She was, hence, a precocious child, and when she had her first ball, and her eyes lighted on the dapper figure of Otto Windisch-graetz, her fate was sealed. Next morning she fell upon old Francis Joseph's neck, told him her little story, nearly broke his heart, but dragged consent out of his lips, and ever since Otto seems to have played the game with her right manfully. By his Austrian princess he has a son, who, of course, is own great-grandchild to old King Leopold of the Belgians, so Otto Windisch-graetz will go to Brussels with a sort of "right" to the vacant throne. How long he will sit on it, however, Lord Kitchener may perhaps be able to tell him in due course.

* * *

German Worship of Gold Lace and Epaulettes.

It's wonderful the way history repeats itself in wartime. The insults offered to those diplomatists of Russia who happened to find themselves on German soil at the moment of the outbreak of war remind me of history's queer records in the matter of Germany and diplomacy. If it had happened that the German Foreign Office people in Britain had been treated as the Germans treated the Russian diplomats, oh, what a song they would have made about it! How God and the All-Highest would have been called upon to avenge the insults offered to these self-important German officials! Never was there a nation which attached such sanctity to an official status or to gold lace and epaulettes as the nation of waiters and sausage-makers! Take the uproar they kicked up in 1798.

* * *

Austria's Foul Attack upon the French Plenipotentiaries in 1798.

When the French Republicans began their war on Austria in 1798, the Congress of Rastadt was still sitting, to arrange a peace over the preceding war. After the Austrian victory at Stockach, the Austrian Emperor desired to obtain some information about the German princes and their secret communications with the French Directory. It was therefore planned that the Congress of Rastadt should be ended, and when the members departed they should be waylaid in their coaches by nighttime, and their despatches stolen. Unfortunately, the detachment of the Hussars of Szeckler who were sent to perform this dirty work got drunk before they started, with the result that the French plenipotentiaries, Jean Débry, Bonnier, and Roberjot, were violently assaulted, two of them being murdered, and the other left for dead in a ditch.

* * *

Austria's International Crime.

Roberjot's wife made a heroic defence of her husband, but was unable to save him from the fury of the drunken Austrian Hussars. That the murders were of a purely political character was undisputed, for the soldiers seized nothing but the desired despatches. All Europe, of course, hurled its contempt at the Austrians for this gross violation of the law of nations, but Germany and Austria were highly indignant at such things being attributed to them, although their guilt was palpable enough.

* * *

How France Got Home on Austria.

Their wicked breach of the slender links which bind humanity during the rude conflict of war recoiled upon

the Teutons with terrible effect, however, for the French mobilisation, tardy then, as now, was immediately restored, through the whole nation being awakened to its necessities, and to the rapid augmentation of Massena's army which immediately followed was attributed all the disasters which followed the Austrian arms at the conclusion of the campaign.

* * *

How the Most Unpopular Irish Viceroy Kept His Job.

The stately dames and comfortable parsons and squires who read the *Morning Post* are highly irate with the retiring Irish Viceroy for taking the title of "Aberdeen and Tara" as the handle for his new Marquessate. And well they may be! If ever there was a vulgar assumption it is that of Lord Aberdeen's. He is a gentleman for whom I never had much respect. He is a Radical earl, and Radical earls are an anomaly who invite unconscious suspicion. Lord Rosebery did the same a quarter of a century ago. When he won the Derby for the second time, however, he "had to go."

The shock of it nearly pole-axed thousands of his worthy Scottish and Nonconformist supporters, and so—he went! Lord Aberdeen has never mixed up with the racing folk, But he has been hand-in-glove with Mr. Asquith for many years. One of his sons got engaged to one of Mr. Asquith's daughters, and though the poor fellow died before the wedding took place, the Prime Minister has kept an unpopular Viceroy in his job for a longer period than any other man in our time.

* * *

Scottish Title-Hunters Never Satisfied.

Now, you would have thought that Lord Aberdeen would have been satisfied with a job which didn't require anything unusual in the way of brains; in which, too, he has enjoyed almost kingly state, a magnificent abode "on the nod," and a salary of £20,000 a year. But, no! He must be made a Marquess as well. And while he was about it, he determined to secure the maximum of titular glory. Not content with being promoted to being "Marquess of Aberdeen," he must tack on that sacred Irish title, "Tara."

* * *

A Gentle Hint for Garter King-of-Arms.

I have no intention of reiterating any of the many arguments put forward against Lord Aberdeen being allowed to usurp this title. No Irishman, anyway, will want *my* arguments against it. His own instincts will be all the guide he will require. But may I be allowed to say this? If Garter King-of-Arms places the patent of this new marquessate before the King with "Tara" on it, I, for one, will never allow him to forget it. And there are few men in England that I have a greater admiration for than Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, who is no dry-as-dust genealogical doctrinaire, but a man of the world, with more than the average sense of humour, and a man so trusted in his job by the King that whatever he said on the matter would have his Majesty's keen attention.

* * *

Lord Aberdeen's Cheek Has No Parallel for Four Centuries.

I have before pointed out that in this Empire there are no such unscrupulous title-hunters as our Radicals and Scottish notabilities. The cheek of Lord Aberdeen calling himself "Tara," is an example of this species of "unscrupulousness" which has not been paralleled in peerage annals since the grandson of the Dutchman Cornelius Vanneck in 1796 took the title and arms of an ancient English family, that of Lord Huntingfield, whose peerage had become extinct four hundred years before.

"Plenty of German Pigs," declares a headline. We should shay sho!

* * *

"Erin at Gibraltar" (*Daily Telegraph*). Well, we were aware the map-makers had a lively task in front of them, but this does look a bit of a twister.

"Here we are, here we are, here we are again!"

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"TIP ERARY."

The question has often been asked since the commencement of the war—Why do the soldiers specially favour "Tipperary" as a marching song, in preference to songs that are of higher class, both poetically and musically? And it is a question that is not very easy to answer? Some very learned professors of music and some very exalted critics of poetry have attempted to answer it, and have certainly failed. The writer of a *Times* leading article a month or two ago also failed, which, however, is perhaps not so surprising after all, considering that he was a writer of *Times* leading articles. And it is more than likely that I shall fail in making the attempt that I am going to make, for there is perhaps nothing so difficult in the study of the mind of man as to get at the inside of the mind of the curious gentleman whom we describe rather foolishly as Tommy Atkins. Still, I mean to have a go at the job for what it is worth. And it is quite possible that one who has lived for a longish period in the society of the said Tommy Atkins may be able to get a little nearer to the root of the matter than the experts in psychology, who have been almost as much worried over this question of "Tipperary" as they have been over the Germans themselves.

The first thing, then, that Tommy Atkins requires in a song is a fine marching tune—which means, recollect, a tune that it is ideally easy to march to. And by "easy to march to," I mean for a large body of men. A tune might seem a good marching tune to one man or several men. But it is quite a different thing for a tune to appeal to a thousand men—to every one of them—as the ideal tune for marching. Every single one of those thousand men, remember, is different from the other nine hundred and ninety-nine in some vital part of his nature, in some part of his emotional nature, as well as of his intellectual nature. It is very essential to bear this in mind. We talk about Tommy Atkins as if he were a distinct type, and as if all Tommies were the same. But this is, of course, mere superficial Kiplingese. No two Tommies are the same. The fact that they are the same in a few of their tricks of speech and in a few of their habits proves nothing whatever as to their real natures. Very well, then. What we want in a good, swinging, marching tune is a tune that will appeal to the emotional natures of large bodies of men as the very tune for the job—the job of marching. And it is not so easy to find such tunes as you may perhaps think. Marching in step for a few hundred yards is an easy job. Marching in step for miles and miles is not at all an easy job, even with such a tune as "Tipperary" to help you along.

The first reason, therefore, why this song appeals to the soldiers is that it is wonderfully easy to march to, and, which is very important, that it is a tune that runs in the mind of the marching man with perfect ease, almost sub-consciously. I might say, without his listening to the music at all. It is not very easy to express in words exactly the shade of meaning I have in my mind. It may seem a very obvious and unnecessary remark to say that a soldier wants a good marching tune. But what I mean is a good deal more than that. To make a "Tipperary" you must have that particular swing and time that, like a flash of lightning, at once appeals to thousands of different natures at a time as *the* ideal tune for the job—ideal to such an extent, indeed, that it is difficult to understand why nobody ever thought of it before. The music of "Tipperary," indeed, in that it, without hesitation, hits every marching soldier right in the emotional eye, so to speak, is not unlike a flash of genius in a Wagner or a Mozart, or even a flash of genius in a great poet. For all flashes of genius, whether a soldier's song or in a line from Wordsworth, at once by their inevitableness make an eternal appeal to human nature. They can't miss their mark. That's why they are genius. And the music of "Tipperary," therefore, is, in a way, as much a thing of genius as a bit of Mozart, in so far as it expresses with perfect truth, and therefore with perfect art, the soldierly idea of "marching in step," and expresses it to thousands of men in the same way at one and the same time.

For the rest, it may be said that the music of "Tipperary" is also like other things of genius, in that it is largely unexplainable. You want to be a soldier to understand (even though you may be quite unable to explain your understanding) a marching song, just as you want to be something of a mystic before you can grasp the greatest poetry of a man like Francis Thompson. And there is, in reality, quite a good deal of mysticism in an army of soldiers marching along the roads of France to the weird lilt of "Tipperary." But that I cannot go into to-day. I would only suggest that there is in the music of "Tipperary" a sort of sad strain of mystic longing for an unknown something that you may look for in vain in much of what is called high-class music, and that, perhaps, gives a good secondary reason for its appeal to Tommy Atkins. That is not to say, of course, that "Tipperary" is at all high-class music.

And now about the words of this almost historic song. And here I would say that, in my humble opinion, it is the music that matters most to Tommy Atkins on the march. Many critics have been puzzling their brains by analysing the "poetry" of this song, altogether forgetting the fact that the music is the chief thing. I know everybody will not agree with me in this opinion, but I stick to it. I take up the position that, so long as the tune is all right to express the feeling of Tommy Atkins on the march, the words don't matter, or, at any rate, they don't matter beyond the desirability of their expressing some simple sentiment common to hundreds or thousands of men at one and the same time. And I base my opinion largely upon my own experience during the South African War. We used to march (mounted troops) for days and weeks together over the veldt, looking for De Wet, and what do you think Tommy Atkins sang, and was perfectly happy in singing? He sang, to the grand tune of the well-known hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty"—an absolutely perfect tune to express the mounted soldier monotonously and wearily riding over the trackless veldt—the following unpoetic words—

> "Grousing, grousing, grousing,
> Always b—— well grousing,
> When this b—— war is o'er,
> Well, then we'll grouse no more."

And verse after verse he would sing, all the same, except that "grousing" would be changed to "fighting," and "fighting" to "trekking," and that to something else very frequently of an almost senseless nature. I am quite sure that what appealed to Tommy Atkins in this parody of a hymn was the attraction of the swing of the tune, and that the simple sentiments expressed in the words were, although felt, only secondary.

And so it is with the words of "Tipperary." They are only of secondary importance, so long as they express simple sentiments felt by practically all the soldiers marching. And you must remember this, that it is because the words are simple and of no real account that Tommy Atkins likes them. He would hate above everything else serious poetic words that attempted to express the deep things that are, largely sub-consciously, at the back of his mind. He likes the words of "Tipperary," in fact, just because they altogether evade the serious side of soldiering. The latter he gets artistically in his own way—all he wants of it—out of the music. He likes flippant, frolicsome words in his songs, with a slight touch of beautiful sentiment, and a light-hearted reference to the other sort of sentiment. Note the reference to Leicester Square and Piccadilly. These things are diametrically opposite to the wounds or death to which, possibly, the soldier is marching as he sings. That is really why they appeal to him. And so I am of opinion that the chorus of "Tipperary" means, in the mind of Tommy Atkins, just something like this: "Well, we're in for it now, and we're a hell of a long way from home. But what a time we'll have with the girls when we do get back." A sort of turning the whole tragedy of war into a frolicsome, don't-care-a-damn kind of thing. And perhaps all the nearer to true tragedy because of that.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether any more of Lord Denbigh's daughters are thinking of getting married?

* * *

Where is the Queen of the Belgians? Is she enjoying the hospitality of a private lady in England?

* * *

Is it true that the exiled King of the Belgians is to be given his long-deferred State visit to London "in the Spring," notwithstanding his dethronement by the Kaiser?

* * *

Whether there will be any visitors at Margate and Ramsgate this summer? And whether there will not have to be a special moratorium for East Coast boarding-house keepers?

* * *

Whether there are any more romances of real life being concocted in Edith Grove, West Kensington?

* * *

Whether the Government are contemplating commandeering all the corn in the country, and giving us "potato bread"?

* * *

What the Pragger-Wagger thinks of our prospects of invading German soil, now that he has had a distant peep at the floods and spires of Strasburg from the summits of the Vosges?

* * *

Will the Slingsby family lawyers kindly inform us exactly what is meant by "a wholly suppositious child"?

* * *

Whether the judgment in the Continental Tyre case had anything to do with the Treasury "Note" forbidding new capital issues?

* * *

Why were the half-penny papers so insistent that it takes two Territorials to lift a Zeppelin bomb weighing only 100lbs.?

* * *

"When I bought this paper off you, my lad, you were shouting 'War over on the Continent!' Now the paper doesn't say any such thing."
"Well, it *is* over on the Continent, guv'nor; it ain't here, is it?"

If the siege of "Pizzie-mizzle" is likely to rank as one of the longest in history?

* * *

If the newspaper headline, "King Albert's bust" is not liable to be misinterpreted by the unthinking, the frivolous, and the many-headed?

* * *

Why has not Sir George Alexander followed Sir Herbert Tree's example of reducing the prices of stalls and dress-circle?

* * *

If King George's decision to visit Sandringham was not received with peculiar pleasure after the recent German effort at "frightfulness" in that direction?

* * *

If Catholics generally, having regard to the terrific price of fish, are not grateful for the enactment that they need not "abstain" on Fridays during Lent?

* * *

What was King George's precise remark about his revered uncle on learning that Sandringham had been "threatened" by a Zeppelin?

* * *

Whether Mr. Burns and Mr. H. W. Massingham are still as thick as thieves, and if they are continuing on the intimate basis of "John" and "Harry"? And if not, why not?

* * *

If it is true that as many as *fifty-six* touring companies in theatreland in the United States have "cracked up" in one week? And if theatrical business is as much "improved" at home as we are asked to believe?

* * *

If the author of "Kings and Queens" won't be pleased to hear that in the family circle Prince Henry rejoices in the soubriquet of Bluebottle?

* * *

Whether S. M. J. Woods, as a khaki-clad warrior, will occasionally oblige his comrades with his favourite ditty, "The nightlight ever burning by the bed"?

* * *

If the supply of motor-transport drivers for our Army is not in excess of the demand, and is it wholly on account of the favourable terms of service?

* * *

Whether Will Crooks or "Charlie B." is the more flattered by the statement that their recruiting meetings are immeasurably more successful than any others?

Is a London evening newspaper running short of petrol? And would not "Brown of Colorado's" song in "A Shop Girl," in which are the lines:—

"I pay a sum infernal
To support an evening journal—
It's the fashion for a modern millionaire!"

be exceedingly applicable to-day?

* * *

Are there not far too many officers in uniform to be found at certain somewhat questionable West End haunts?

OFFICIAL SECRETS.

Until the war broke out Crawford was one of the pleasantest fellows imaginable. Even though we did have rather heated arguments about Home Rule (in those happier days when we quarrelled so pleasantly), as we travelled to and from town together, there was nothing stand-offish about him; he was one of us.

Now all that is changed. Crawford still talks to us—almost monopolises the conversation, in fact—but with such an air of condescension and superiority that most of us are agreed that the possibility of the railway-carriage door being opened and Crawford pushed out on to the line one of these days is not at all a remote one.

And the reason is that Crawford is at the War Office. It was that idiot Palmer who started it. One morning when the yarn about the Russians in England was being discussed, Palmer appealed to Crawford as the final authority, saying in a deferential manner that a responsible War Office official was sure to know the truth.

Crawford was flattered, cleared his throat importantly, looked mysterious, and said that he would rather not commit himself, that any breach of the Official Secrets Act carried severe penalties, but that there was no harm in advising us to keep an open mind on the matter. Palmer was delighted, and somehow construed Crawford's reply as indisputable proof of his side of the question, and ever afterwards referred all doubtful points to Crawford, who became perfectly obnoxious with his hints and half-expressed claims to possess exclusive information on anything and everything directly or remotely connected with matters naval or military.

From that time Crawford gave us to understand that he could if he would say what General Joffre's next move was to be, and what Lord Kitchener really thinks about recruiting, could fill in the blanks made by the Censor in the despatches of the war correspondents, and throw official light on every other point that all England is burning to have made clear.

Nobody took the trouble to verify his credentials, nobody asked him what his position at the War Office really was, and he never volunteered the information.

One evening about a week ago he was more mysterious than ever; said he had been sent for by a high military official (he would mention no names, but would call him K.), who had told him he wished to consult him about certain plans which were spread out on the table, and that he was to present himself at 11 a.m. next day, when the matter could be discussed. It was easy to see that Crawford himself did not know the nature of the business, but he left no doubt in the mind of the servile Palmer that his advice was sought on some proposal that was to spell the doom of Germany.

Next evening Palmer cringingly asked Crawford what had taken place at the momentous interview. I thought he seemed somewhat embarrassed, but, recovering himself, he placed his finger on his lips in a manner that suggested that the fate of Europe was bound up with his silence. After that he spoke no word of the war for some days, and Palmer was convinced that when the history of the European War came to be written (without adornment), the success of the Allied cause would be found to be due to the sagacity of Crawford.

This morning, just as the train was starting, a young fellow jumped into the carriage and sat down next to me.

"Hullo, Crawford," he said, "how's your Dept. going on? We're pretty busy in the Transport. You're in the Army Contracts, aren't you? Cooking stoves, huts, clothing, and all that, eh?"

"Oh, by the way, Craw.," he continued, "Wilson was telling me that old Kenwell sent for you the other day about some plans——" Here Crawford made a vain endeavour to interrupt, nervously stammering something about talking shop in the train; but the young man only spoke more loudly. "About some plans for the new heating apparatus to be put in our Dept. It was a toss-up whether we had stoves or radiators, and old K. thought you'd know more about 'em than anyone. I hope you recommended stoves. I hate hot-water pipes, and——"

At this point the train drew up at a station, and Crawford, muttering something about having a friend in the next carriage, hurriedly left.

The young man then explained that Crawford was a junior clerk at the War Office, and the son of an ironmonger, and made himself so generally agreeable and frank that we invited him to travel with us every day.

I dare say there will be plenty of room for him. That all depends upon Crawford.

JOHN CARLTON.

TABLOID TOPICS.

The Queen of Spain has scarlatina. We wish speedy convalescence to King Alfonso's Consort Ena.

* * *

The Kaiser has once more been expressing his hope for an "honourable peace." Why not try a little honourable war for a change.

* * *

Berlin has bestowed the title "Air Vikings" on the Zeppelin crews of baby-killers. We prefer to class them simply as Ary 'uns.

* * *

Rear-Admiral Schlieper prophesies that a submarine raid on British food-ships would be successful. Presently that Schlieper will wake up.

* * *

The adopted son of Maxim Gorky, named Pieckof, is now a second lieutenant in the French army. We trust he may Pieckof a few Huns with a Maxim.

* * *

Russia has removed its restriction on the export of eggs to Sweden. Some of our actors who were about to tour the latter country have now abandoned their trips.

* * *

An illuminated latchkey has been invented which will show you the way to the keyhole at night. That is all very well; but when you see two keyholes, will it show you which is the real one?

The Kaiser has resumed his old practice of sawing wood.—*Reynolds' Newspaper.*

But he has had to do it without a War-saw.

* * *

Horatio, at his recent meeting: "Germany turns out human beings."

And it is going to turn out the Kaiser also.

* * *

Miss Ferne Rogers, in the *Weekly Despatch*: "Being an American, I was made a great fuss of."

Being anti-British, and having to leave Drury Lane, she is now making a great fuss "off."

* * *

The ex-Viceroy of Ireland will in future be known as the Marquess of Aberdeen and Tara. We are sorry the last portion of his title isn't Tiara, as we might then have asked him about those missing Crown jewels.

* * *

"The town of Mland is now entirely in ruins, and violent fighting is still going on around the town."—(*Westminster Gazette.*) So that the place is figuratively as well as literally next door to L-land.

* * *

The alleged "London economist" of the Berlin wireless review, who is said to have stated that Scarborough is "one of six English cavalry depots," is quite correctly described. He is an economist—of the truth.

"MODERN LIFE'S" GALLERY OF WAR CELEBRITIES.
No. 7.—General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

KIT LEARNS TO LIVE.

Her life was what nine people out of ten would call a "slow" life; it was immaculately respectable, for everyone called upon her, even Mrs. Knowles, and those whom Mrs. Knowles condescended regularly to take tea with were considered to be quite proper and perfectly "safe." Kit hated Mrs. Knowles and all her prim clique; she hated their smug self-satisfaction, and their absolute certainty of a place in Heaven, and above all, she hated their tame broken-in husbands.

Not that Kit's own husband was any different. Kit couldn't understand how in eight years he had degenerated from the wild medical student who had wooed her into the slow, painstaking country doctor, who whisked physic into shape in his surgery and was always calculated to do the right thing at the right time.

The worst of it was, Kit couldn't grumble. There was nothing to grumble at. She had enough to eat and drink, two excellent little boys and a model husband; but Kit, like most women, was not satisfied.

And then one day there came a letter from Kit's sister Didi, who had lived in Paris ever since her marriage. Didi was coming to London for a week or so and wanted Kit to join her.

Dr. Prothero smiled over the letter:

"Of course, you want to go?" he said amiably. "Well, we can get Maud to stay here and look after the children and you can go and have a good time."

Maud was his unmarried sister. Kit hated Maud because the doctor admired her too often and too long.

"Of course I will go," she said decidedly. "With dear Maud you will be quite happy."

In five days Kit had packed her little trunk and jumped into the train for London.

* * *

When Didi bounced into her bedroom Kit gasped with astonishment.

"Didi . . . I am glad to see you again, but what a swell!"

Didi grinned with amusement.

"Oh, la, la, Kit! Why, you're only a year older than I am, and yet . . ."

A sudden comprehension came to Kit. That was it—she was prematurely old, sour and cattish before her time.

"I didn't expect you for an hour yet, Didi. But you are right. I look nearly forty, and you look about twenty-five."

Didi's trunks were piled into the room they were to share, and when the door was shut at last, she took off her hat and her elegant cavalier cape and got out a bunch of keys.

"Listen, Kit. I came over here specially to see you."

"It's lovely to see you again," Kit admitted.

"Your letters made me quite sad, dear," Didi said. "Every one of them was the same. I gathered from them that Hugh is quite indifferent to you—the place is a dull hole, and a Mrs. Knowles is a little tin god down there. Well, you are my only sister, and I thought I'd wake things up a little for you."

"But your hubbie?" Kit inquired.

Didi sighed:

"Raoul is with the medical corps of the French Army. He is busy attending the wounded, far too busy to miss me. He works night and day. I shall go back in a fortnight, and look here what I've brought you!"

Kit sat still in her chair, and Didi produced a bewildering array of boxes, bottles and pots.

"For your chaste countenance," she said merrily. "The last word in French beauty things. We all use them. I'll teach you how. And I am going to teach you also that the only thing in the world which will keep a husband interested in you is a sewing machine."

"A sewing machine?" Kit ejaculated.

"Yes, dear. Listen! Once, filled with jealousy and hatred, I passed down the Rue de la Paix and I saw there a little silk dress marked—well, about thirty pounds. I wanted it and I knew I couldn't have it, so I bought a little sewing machine and some material and made myself one like it. And thereby hangs a tale."

The next few days filled Kit with amusement and astonishment; to the nimble-fingered Didi nothing seemed impossible, and Kit's wardrobe grew by leaps and bounds. She began to be less afraid of the sight of her own arms and neck, and learned all the magical skill allied to waving irons. Didi observed her with interest, and prodded her into a very violent fit of vanity.

"They won't know me at home," Kit murmured, as they sat together one day in a smart restaurant.

"Jolly good job too," said Didi vigorously. "They say clothes make the man. I think they most certainly make the woman."

"What on earth our washerwoman will say to silk underthings, I don't know," Kit murmured then.

"Don't ask her, Kit. Go on your own sweet way, and oh, you will see a difference."

"I'm just about afraid to go back," Kit confessed, as she sipped her wine. "I feel quite a gay thing just now."

* * *

Dr. Prothero was out when Kit got home; he had been called to a case at a farm some miles away. Kit went to her bedroom and changed into a little blue silk dress, trimmed with fur, with a low neck boasting a softly-pleated chiffon frill, worn with French shoes and silk stockings.

When she reached the drawing-room, Maud returned from a walk with the two boys—Maud in pepper and salt tweeds and a beastly hat, and a blue nose.

When Kit's husband came in she greeted him merrily.

"Poor old Hughie. Here I am again like a bad penny."

Dr. Prothero had been feeling rather bored and tired—he was a little sick of dear Maud and her overwhelming common-sense.

Before him stood Kit, looking excessively pretty with her wavy hair and perfume of roses.

"Kit, whatever have you been doing to yourself? You look pretty enough to eat."

Kit suddenly put her arms round his neck.

"Hughie, kiss me please, and if Mrs. Knowles finds objections to my new clothes and my French gowns, you *will* tell her I am still respectable, won't you?"

He drew her on to his knee.

"Kit, all the men will be wanting to run away with you now, I'm afraid. You look very saucy."

"I've got far worse things than this to wear at the bazaar on Tuesday," she murmured with glee.

* * *

The way in which the sedate Mr. Knowles hovered round the doctor's wife at the bazaar in aid of the Belgians was the subject of much comment. He insisted upon buying her things, and to her amusement loaded her with pin-cushions, bottles of scent and flowers.

But then Kit, in her black silk coat and skirt and her white furs and desperate hat, would have upset a quieter mind than his.

On their way home his angry wife took him seriously to task.

"George, you have behaved shamefully this afternoon," she began.

Mr. Knowles looked quite happy in spite of her anger.

"Why? Because I made myself agreeable to a pretty woman?"

"I'm sure *I* don't think she is pretty," Mrs. Knowles said with disdain. "She used to be quite a sensible woman, and I don't know what has come over her. She doesn't look respectable somehow, and I don't think I shall call on her."

His sudden smile and look of delight made her more furious.

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "You hope I don't call, so that you can go round there on your own when the doctor's out and see if you can get into mischief."

* * *

Kit and her husband have endless fun now. There isn't a man in the village who doesn't try to "get into mischief" with Kit.

But, as Didi said in one of her letters:

"Even if you are not a devil, Kit, there is no reason why you shouldn't look like one. A woman who is respectable, and looks it, never has any fun."

And those who know the world will realize that Didi was right.

C. N.

ROUGE AND RUFFLES.

Some Soldiers and a Man.

I saw a man turned into a soldier the other day quite simply. He was strolling towards Charing Cross, the perfect specimen of the well-dressed young man, spatted, eye-glassed, silk-socked, latest kind of over-coat, all the usual accoutrements of the nut well-displayed. Just by Charing Cross Station he had occasion to cross. But there was a block in the traffic, and he had to wait. On the kerb beside him there waited a fair-haired girl, unmistakably a lady, beautifully turned out, too, in her blue serge and sable furs, violets at her throat and in her velvet toque. On his other side another kind of girl, tawdry in her shabby finery, a row of pearl beads about her bare throat, with over-curled hair beneath an amazing hat. And as they stood there, the three of them, there swept by in taxis and ambulances and private cars, the wounded from our war. Incredibly pale most of them, outrageously maimed some of them, all of them sick unto death, and all of them smiling—or trying to smile. Ghosts of men, and yet stronger then perhaps than in their prime. And as they passed I saw each girl on either side of that immaculately-clad young man turn slightly and look at him. And on each face the same little half-stare of derision, of contempt, to be seen before they turned away again, as if the very sight of him offended. And I saw the young man, in his turn, grow pale, as if he, too, had been wounded. And I don't mind betting that now he is wearing khaki. I saw it in his face as he walked quickly away. Well, England wants men, and it is the women who should see she gets them. We shan't get them by preaching at them or lecturing them. But there are other ways—a look, or a word, or a smile at the right time.

STREET CRIES OF LONDON.
No. 3.—"Orrible Slaughter-r-r-r!"

Giantess of Love.

A well-known man remarked to me recently that "the age of giants had passed." I am glad he didn't include women, for it strikes me we are growing more gigantic every day, especially in our affections. The papers are always full of stories of eloping ladies and violent deeds done through the medium of the same affections. Even a thoroughly normal woman, normal-minded, normal-loving, normally intellectual, once she finds herself in Passion's hothouse will start to expand and grow, till, like the palm-tree in the fairy story, she pokes her head through the glass roof. There is no stopping a woman when she takes it into her head to love a man. Everything goes by the board. It is a pity we can't remember that if giants now have no place outside legends and fairy-tales, giantesses are not for every-day use. One of the most important lessons in life for us women to learn is, not to love but how to leave off loving. The men can do it splendidly. One day they tell you they will shoot themselves if you don't marry them; next day they hint they will feel inclined to do it if you do. They have a wonderful facility in the unloving business. Perhaps it is because they are no longer giants—but just the proper height from which to view the world as it is.

* * *

Hercules as She.

A Frenchman, writing of Englishwomen, says they reverence physical force. "I once heard," he says, "from the lips of the most enchantingly chaste and demure little damsel the ultimatum: 'I would never marry a man who could not carry me.'" Of course, we all know marriage to be a weighty affair; but it is generally weighty from the masculine point of view, although the average man may not regard it as a matter of dumb-belles (sorry!). Woman, as a whole, treats marriage as lightly as a feather, to be blown here and there at her own sweet will. Therefore, it is news to me to hear of a woman refusing to marry a man unless he is strong enough to carry her. Not that she would have far to look. A man needn't be a modern Atlas to be able to support the world in the form of his wife upon his back. But he needs to have the cunning of the serpent and the wisdom of the dove, and all the rest of it, to put her down once he has picked her up. A woman seems a little thing in a man's life, until he wants to get rid of her, and then she becomes a feminine Hercules.

* * *

By Request.

I have received so many requests from friends and strangers for a suitable contribution to their various mysterious books and albums in which they treasure up scraps of verse and illuminating thoughts that in desperation the other night I sat down and wrote the following, which I now beg respectfully to present individually and collectively to all the young men and maidens who have wasted penny stamps and my time soliciting a figment of thought. I have called it "Alas!"

Alas! that the moon should end at the month;
And all love die at the end of three;
Alas! that love should die without sound,
As the moon slips into the sea.

Alas! that love should go without sound;
Should choose silent feet to flee;
If I heard it going, ah! then, perhaps,
I might hear it come back to me.

P.S.—Friends, please accept this the only bouquet in verse you are likely to get from me. LOUISE HEILGERS.

BY THE WAY.

That the conduct of the Huns in Belgium and on our own East Coast puts them in the category of beasts rather than men, is generally accepted as a fact. And I am not sure that this view will not militate against the baby-butchers being brought to a fair trial when the day of reckoning comes. For you can't very well put a hog on its trial. At least, not nowadays; though in the Middle Ages animals of various kinds were tried for various offences, and all with the utmost solemnity. Indeed, the indictment of pigs and dogs is one of the most singular features of mediæval jurisprudence.

* * *

Even so late as 1741 a grotesque trial of this sort took place at Poitou, in France. Like much of modern, or comparatively modern, judicial procedure, the system was based on Mosaic law: "If an ox gore a man or a woman that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit" (Exodus xxi. 28). It is a pity about the owner being quit, because that will save the Kaiser's bacon in the event of the ancient law being applied to present emergencies; but nobody, I take it, wants to eat Von der Goltz, though the stoning process would be salutary.

* * *

They have a very direct method of dramatic and variety criticism in the Antipodes. Speaking of a juggler performing out there, the *Sydney Theatre Magazine* says: "Some of his best tricks would be very good, if he only did them instead of missing them." This reminds me that not so long ago one of our leading actor-managers put up "Othello"; and a Melbourne paper described it as: "Othello, by Kismet—a Christie Minstrel."

But perhaps, in that line of comment, nothing beats the late Cotsford Dick's description of Sir Henry Irving's "Dante" at the Lyceum—"Dante Leno," or of the great man's Hamlet—"Funny without being vulgar."

* * *

The matter recently appearing in sundry journals—*not* in MODERN LIFE—concerning the weird and awful apparatus whereby the tenth Earl of Dundonald hoped and intended to blow up the French fleet a century ago, has often been spoken of to me by the present Lord Dundonald. As a fact, "the" Dundonald attempted it in little when he drifted down to the French fleet in the Basque Roads in 1810, "sitting on a haystack of hand grenades and other explosives." That bold and splendid stroke ended in the great sailor's ultimate disgrace when he demanded a court-martial upon the incompetent Lord Gambier. Few people know that the ninth Earl, Archibald, was a famed inventor who beggared himself over scientific attempts, and whose life may be written shortly.

* * *

I have reason to believe that the late Bennet Burleigh wrote the *Telegraph's* graphic memoir of the Russian General Stoessel, who was cashiered and imprisoned for surrendering Port Arthur to the Japs just ten years ago. It was the conqueror of Port Arthur, General Nogi, who prodigied the "two more great wars," in one of which France and England were to crush Germany, while in the other—for the mastery of the Pacific—Japan was to conquer the U.S.A.

* * *

Quite elaborate arrangements have been made to keep our fighting men *au fait* with the latest news. Important intelligence is telegraphed from Whitehall to the headquarters of our Army in France, whence it is quickly passed along from man to man. The Admiralty also send all the best stories of the day by wireless to the Commanders of the Fleets, who in turn make it known to the men in their charge.

* * *

A friend of mine, arriving at King's Cross from the North, brought an umbrella with him. As he was to be in Town but a few hours, and as we would be doing but little walking, I suggested he should leave the gamp in the cloak-room. "Not I," said he; "I shall pawn it." "What on earth for?" said I, knowing that he possessed more pounds than I had pence. "I'll show you," said he. When he emerged from Uncle's, he showed me that he had pawned the umbrella for 2s.; the price of the ticket was ½d.; and the interest, on redemption of the pledge, would be ½d. "That saved 1d. See?" he remarked triumphantly. I did see. And that's how North Country blacksmiths become millionaire ironmasters.

* * *

"Should Young Officers Home on Short Leave Go To Bed at Ten?" seems to be the root question asked by Carmelite House in their leader and correspondence columns. The scare about "cubalterns" being robbed and blackmailed and all the rest of it at night-clubs is all-my-eye-and-Betty-Martin. If a man, in uniform or mufti, goes into a Soho cellar and plays roulette while a hook-nosed alien twiddles the wheel and his nephew keeps "cave" at the door and his niece yells blue murder out of the first-floor window, he must ex-

Doctor (picking up bottle of quack medicine which has frequently been strictly forbidden): "Umph! Still taking this beastly stuff?"
Patient: "Y-y-yes, Doctor, a little."
Doctor (in despair): "Well, take it if you want to kill yourself, and save me the trouble."

pect trouble. The fact that he is home on short leave from the front has nothing to do with it. Soho cellars are not night-clubs in the modern sense of the term. At none of the recognised establishments—supper-clubs would be a better name for them—do women ask subalterns to hold their purses and then accuse them of theft. Your "fashionable" night-club is pretty much like any of the popular West End grill-rooms—only the license is cheaper and in other ways easier to obtain: which is the essence of the restaurant-keeper's grievance against the club system. The only way subalterns get rooked is in having to pay 5s. for a tumbler of ginger-pop. That, however, is not legal robbery, merely pishness, and very good pishness, too, ma tear.

* * *

I spent a portion of Sunday in reading Miss Louise Heilgers' recently-published book, "Rose and Grey," a volume of short stories, some better than others, but all good. Indeed, if the average of short stories submitted to the editors of weekly and monthly journals were anything like so good as the weakest of Miss Heilgers' yarns, I am sure the lot of the editors—*and* the readers—would be a much happier one. Don't forget to buy a copy of "Rose and Grey."

* * *

It is sincerely to be hoped that some arrangement will be fixed up whereby the services of Mr. J. L. Garvin on the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Observer* are retained by the new proprietor. My Sundays would be deprived of one of their greatest blessings if they failed to provide those five or six columns of smooth, easy-flowing sentences about the war. They are written in excellent English—nothing to violate one's pedantic sense—they say nothing one does not already know, and they have a marvellous soporific effect, which never fails to soothe me into a delightful Sunday afternoon slumber.

* * *

Old Lord Haddington, who has had such a long illness, is almost the last of a generation of sportsmen which has now passed away. He followed the hounds regularly until he was eighty, and then only relinquished the sport owing to a bad fall while taking a fence with the late Duke of Buccleuch's pack. The unlucky thing about it was that from 1904 till 1907 Lord Haddington had a long illness, and the accident befell him almost as soon as he was able to mount a horse once more. Ever since 1907 Lord Haddington has been more or less invalided, carefully tended by his adventurous daughters, one of whom, Lady Cecily Baillie-Hamilton, is one of our gallant village "firemen," and regularly answers the call of the fire-bell whenever there is a conflagration at Tarporley.

* * *

Lord Haddington is one of the oldest "Aides" to Royalty, though not, of course, so old as the Duke of Grafton, who never seems to have a day's illness, in spite of his ninety-three years. Lord Haddington is only eighty-seven. He is a rich man, with five handsome houses, and over thirty thousand acres at his chief place in Scotland, which has the peculiar attribute of having disturbed the Scots idea that timber could not be grown near the seashore. The Lord Haddington of a couple of centuries ago exclaimed, "I am determined to fight no more with bad land, but to plant it all!" And he did, and to-day the woods at Tyninghame are supposed to be the finest in Scotland.

* * *

It is a good many years since I visited Heligoland, where the German Navy lurks, but in those days it seemed certain that the island would cease to exist in a comparatively short time. When, owing to the silliest deal Britain ever did, Germany took possession of the half-square-mile or so, our enemy proceeded to spend untold millions in fighting the waves, which have ceased to encroach on the shores of the island. Concrete was used unsparingly, so that now Heligoland is virtually a rock. It is a mass of big guns, airship-hangars and searchlights. Now nobody lives there except the garrison and their families. An elaborate harbour has been built recently at a cost of several million pounds. The tunnelling system is said to be as complicated as Gibraltar itself.

* * *

"The symptoms are: first, great mental dejection, loss of appetite, indifference to external influences, and slight hectic fever," and "it is attended by hysterical weeping." Thus the *Lancet* on the disease most prevalent among "young prisoners of war." Quite so. For myself, I have diagnosed this complaint as simple nostalgia, or homesickness. I have had it myself.

THE LOITERER.

She: "Tell me, why do Highlanders wear those funny kilts?"
He: "Why? 'Cos their feet's so big they can't get 'em through breeks!"

Opportunity means the ability to step in when a better man than yourself isn't looking.

* * *

Don't kick a man when he's down. Pick him up and see what he's got in his pockets.

* * *

We notice with approval that at the recent wool sales at Sydney the Australians refused to allow the Germans to get their wool off.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, 750 to 2,000 words, and humorous topical "skits" not exceeding 1,000 words. Payment at usual rates.

IN STAGELAND.

Who is the oldest box-office manager in London? This distinction, I find, goes to Mr. Arthur Frye, of the Vaudeville, a veteran of nearly half-a-century's experience of this responsible department of theatrical work. Mr. Frye tells me that he has been "keeper" of the box-office at fully a score of London's principal playhouses, and that he has watched the growth or gradual disappearance of many of them. He is full of good stories, in addition to being a cheery and resourceful member of "the" profession.

At the Palladium, Mr. John Brandon has written a regular thriller in "The Frenchwoman," a sketch designed to exploit the talent of Miss Mary Mayfren and a capital little company. Miss Mayfren herself is the French wife of a German spy domiciled in Belgium, to whom enters a British officer in search of a meal. Then ensues the inevitable tragedy. Mr. Cancellor is capital as the bold, bad spy, while I was very much pleased to see my old friend Frank Tennant as the gay, good captain who doesn t get poisoned after all—especially as it has lately fallen to poor Tennant's lot to play villains of the deepest dye.

While keeping over my notice of it until next week, I can't help wishing the best of luck to Charles Hawtrey, who in Carton's "A Busy Day," is associated again with Miss Compton for the first time since the emphatic triumph of "Lord and Lady Algy." Charles is a lord, and E. H. Kelly a marquis, while another member of the interesting cast is good old Sydney Paxton, not long out of a job since his return from America. One has become accustomed to Miss Compton in her husband's plays, but I must say she invariably hits the bull's-eye.

We all remember the brilliant success of George Giddens and Paul Arthur in the original run of "Are You a Mason?" I am sorry that neither of them is available for the revival of this roaring farce, which Arthur Chudleigh is staging at the Comedy. Nevertheless, the management should be well served by Marie Illington, Dulce Musgrave, Agnes Maude, Spencer Trevor, Ronald Squire, and Teddy Dagnall, who, I believe, also acts as "producer" for Mr. Chudleigh.

Lillah McCarthy, Granville Barker, Henry Ainley, and company are opening a season at once at Wallack's Theatre, New York. It is not difficult to give a name to the plays on which they will mainly rely, and I venture to say that "The Dynasts" won't be one of them. Apart from the fact that our Yankee cousins don't love us well enough to sit through three long acts of panegyric concerning Old England's Georgian heroes, Mr. Hardy's blank-verse drama is just a little prolix. Moreover, it is a distinctly expensive work to stage, and it didn't do much at the Kingsway.

It was unfortunate that the Vaudeville performance of Lady Lever's "Torches of Fate" took place on the day of the great snowstorm. Nevertheless, the fund for "distressed Belgians in Belgium" benefited by about £150. The piece is intensely theatrical and "problem-y," and it was appropriate that an Ibsenite actress, Miss Malvina Longfellow (a descendant of the poet, I understand), should enact a leading rôle. Other parts were excellently played by Sybil Thorndike and Stanley Logan, but I doubt if Lady Lever's work would win much popularity if put up "for a run."

My question as to why Edward Sass did not resume his old character of the Ring-master in "The New Clown" is answered by the fact that this sterling actor has been engaged for the "Chinese Honeymoon" revival. "The New Clown," by the way, has now been transferred to the evening bill at the New, *vice* "When Knights were Bold."

Matheson Lang is trying a highly interesting experiment. Having acquired from Tree the rights in that lovely little play, "The Balladmonger," he is utilising it as a curtain-raiser, with himself as Gringoire, Miss Hutin Britton as Loyse, and Herbert Bunston as Louis XI.

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e Count (to the heiress): "Won't you set some cular day for our wedding? This uncertainty is g my creditors!"

* * *

What makes you such a terrible drinker?"
I was brought up on the bottle."

* * *

A SKATING MATCH.

ssie: "How on earth did Algy get engaged to Shadyside?"
m: "Not on earth, but on ice. He rashly said, an on me, Miss Shadyside; I'll support you.'"

* * *

THEN HE SAT DOWN.

e theatre was packed, and a young "nut" insisted standing up in the pit, to the great annoyance of e behind him.
ngry shouts of "Sit down," "Turn him out," etc., raised, but he still persisted in keeping his position. ast a man in the rear cried out, in a voice of sym-y, "Let 'im alone; he's only a poor tailor resting elf."

* * *

THE GENERAL'S WAY.

rderly: "If ye plase, gineral, the army wants to w how it kin git over the river."
ommandant: "I'll think it over.—*Judge.*

* * *

he Salesman: "This is a splendid health-food. I assure you the children cry for it."
Irs. Kidmore: "Then it won't do in my house. My dren cry enough as it is.—*Livingston Lance.*

* * *

THE ONLY WAY.

So you are saving money?"
My, yes! I'm buying less that I can't afford than before."—*Puck.*

I tell yer, Bill, it's sorrer wot drives a man to drink." "Yus, but it ain't allus there."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

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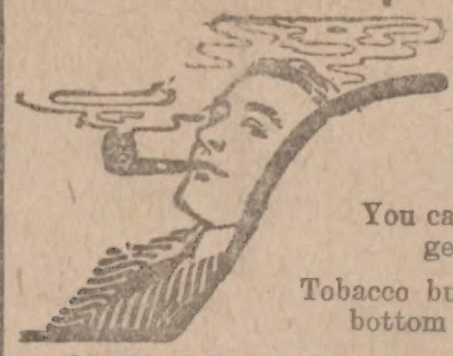

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